THE

POETIC EPISTLES

OF

CHRYSOSTOM AND MARCELLA:

DEDICATED TO THE

MEMORY

OF

ABELARD AND ELOISA.

Dic mihi, quid feci, nisi non sapienter amavi? OVID.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reader is here made acquainted with certain letters that paſſed between Chryſoſtom and a Lady of diſtinguiſh'd merit in the Theatrical Profeſſion, with (what is not always found in that courſe of life) a character unſullied. The four following Epiſtles, containing the chief matter of the above-mentioned letters, heightened with the addition of poetical ornament, are now ventured to the eye of the Public; as the employment of ſome leiſure hours, and relaxation from ſeverer ſtudies. Some particulars coming to the knowledge of one or two friends, Chryſoſtom was perſuaded to dreſs them in the habit of Poetry, and truſt them in their preſent form, to the fate of publication. Such indeed has been attempted. The only plea therefore for Critical indulgence is, that they are a Juvenile work; and under the ſanction of ſuch a conſideration, the Public is preſented with the Epiſtles of Chryſoſtom and Marcella. *

* For the Names, ſee Don Quixote B. II. ch. 4 and 5.

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

ABELARD AND ELOISA.

THIS to a hapleſs pair, whoſe well-known ſtrain
Confeſs'd they lov'd ſincere, but lov'd in vain.
Who has not wept o'er Abelard's dear name?
Who has not glow'd at Eloïſa's flame?
Ah! joyleſs Lovers, doom'd to part too late,
Wild Paſſion's victims and the ſport of Fate!
Whoſe ſorrows teach to fly forbidden fires,
And ſtill the riſing tempeſt of deſires;
O! let your fam'd—unbleſt example prove
The bitter fruits of unreſiſted love!
Thou, Pope, didſt riſe to paint reviving woe,
And bid ſad thoughts in ſadder numbers flow;

See, plaintive Eloïſa ſtarts again!
And verſe renews the mem'ry of her pain:
Yet, if to aſhes in the ſilent tomb
A youth may mourn, that Youth is Chryſoſtom.

THE
EPISTLES
OF
CHRYSOSTOM AND MARCELLA.

EPISTLE I.

CHRYSOSTOM TO MARCELLA.

Separor à domina cur ego sæpè meâ?
At mihi te comitem jurabis usque futuram,
Per me, perque oculos, qui rapuêre, tuos. OVID.

HASTE, tender scroll, my thoughts I trust to thee,
Fly on Love's wings, and say thou cam'st from me;
Try if one wish Marcella's breast inspire,
Ask if one spark still lives of former fire;
Go, plead for Chrysostom, and fondly prove 5
Absence at once is death and life to love.

To peace retir'd, and lost to ev'ry joy,
(Thou art not here, and books alone employ)

Thus thro' the gloom of philoſophic ſhades,
Again thy image ſteals, and hope pervades: 10
Shall I then wake? Or muſt my heart at reſt
Forget what once could move Marcella's breaſt?
Live we to love? Why elſe would mortals live?
O! Paſſion beſt and worſt that Heav'n can give!
A dire diſeaſe, a bleſſing or an ill, 15
As Fate obſcure life's mingled cup ſhall fill;
Bliſs to the favour'd in the firſt degree,
Sincere, indulg'd, and welcome ev'n to me.

Come then, kind Spirit, at whoſe name ador'd
Each heart dilates, and owns the wanton lord; 20
(Once my proud foe, but better chang'd for friend)
Thy wing ſhall ſhield me and thy dart defend,
Auſpicious lead me to a well-known heart,
Taught by thy care, and maſter in thy art;
Soft let me ſigh like Abelard my pain, 25
Or ſooth in Ovid's or Tibullus' ſtrain;
Some magic charm, ſome ſecret of thy rule,
Some pow'r reſerv'd for minions of thy ſchool
Impart, and anxious fears ſhall be remov'd,
Marcella kind and Chryſoſtom belov'd. 30

Ev'n now with tears the day I call to mind,
When mournful we obey'd th' unpitying wind;
Silent I led thee from high Albion's ſhore,
Perhaps to ſee thee yet—perhaps no more!

33. *Silent I led thee.*] On his return to Ireland.

And, as along the ſwelling waves we paſt, 35
Nature gave way, and grief o'ercame at laſt;
Sobbing I ſaid (while thy hand, lock'd in mine,
Preſs'd with full force—ſome ſad foreboding ſign)
" Thus ſnatch'd from all I yet reputed dear,
" The paſt we mourn, and for the future fear: 40
" But, tho' compell'd from tranſient bliſs I flee,
" Heav'n's ceaſeleſs care I'll ſupplicate for thee;
" Sigh to the gales, or on the waters weep
" From the ſwift bark that wafts me o'er the deep:"
Tears flow'd apace, my eyes confeſs'd my pain, 45
Love was my friend, nor flow'd my tears in vain;
Penſive awhile we ſtood, quick heav'd your breaſt,
Tears guſh'd again—yet Chryſoſtom was bleſt!
For oh! th' expreſſive language of thine eye,
Than words more ſweet to eaſe the parting ſigh, 50
Tun'd my ſick ſoul, and heal'd my ſorrows more
Than all that Love or Beauty could before.
And ſay, Marcella, art thou kind as then?
Can'ſt think on me, and be ador'd again?
Again unknowing charm with lively grace, 55
And ſmile with artleſs dignity of face?
Thoughtleſs of time we miſs'd th' untedious day,
While muſic lull'd and mirth drove care away:
Soft ſweets of Paſſion! tell them not, my heart;
Or, if thou wilt, confeſs the Golden Art: 60

Hear this, vain youths, who Love a jeſt would prove,
I too was free, and once could laugh at Love;
A willing captive, let me bleſs the day
When firſt I yielded to his grateful ſway.

If ſtill thou lov'ſt, (and love me ſure you can, 65
If ever woman ſigh'd ſincere for man)
Quick let ſome ſpark of pure tho' latent fire
Play thro' this frame, and ev'ry wiſh inſpire;
Teach me that ſtill Marcella can be true,
Prove Eloïſe unkind compar'd to you— 70
Be huſh'd, my fears—and yet, alas! I *fear*
Thy Albion's ſons more *lovely* may appear:
Woman ſo oft has play'd th' inconſtant part,
That who ſo blind to truſt a female heart?
Falſe ſhould'ſt thou be, not angels I'd believe, 75
And ſaints themſelves might Chryſoſtom deceive;
Then from thy ſight be thoſe brown treſſes borne,
That once were giv'n for friendſhip, not for ſcorn;
My name oft written, blotted let it be;
But, if one lov'd, think Chryſoſtom was he. 80

Ye native plains of my Marcella, why
Muſt ſhe be abſent and unhappy I?
Say, ſhall I rather tempt the ſtormy main,
Than baniſh'd wander, and unheard complain?

Pant, like Leander, thro' th' oppoſing wave, 85
And meet a Lover, or a watery grave?
Haſte, lovely maid, or oh! kind pow'rs above
Send Death to rid me of the grief of Love!
Come liſp my numbers and the ſtrain admire,
Rouſe ſleeping Genius and the verſe inſpire; 90
Ev'n call me Brother, and my woes ſhall end,
Thou art my friend—alas! my more than friend!
Renew thoſe hours of ſiſterly careſs,
(Treach'rous, but what could latent love do leſs?)
When oft at Ev'n, our ſtudious labours o'er, 95
We've ſtray'd to liſten to the milk-maid's lore;
Of Virgins left by traitors gone to Sea,
And Colin jilted in ſad roundelay:
Or when thoſe eyes grew dim with wonted pain,
How would I pitying gaze and fix'd remain! 100
How would my breaſt with anxious vows ſuſpire,
Thy eaſe my wiſh, to Heav'n my firſt deſire!
But ſoft affliction's tender ſcene remov'd,
Then ſay, my heart, what was it to be lov'd?
Yes, when you ſmile, or chide in graceful tears,
The fair Belinda of a Lover's fears; 106
Or plead with joy the poet's doubtful cauſe,
Or eaſy Belmour wins the loud applauſe;

91. *Ev'n call me brother.*] Her uſual appellation to him.

99. *Or when thoſe eyes.*] A violent head-ach, which, frequently afflicted her.

105. *Yes, when you ſmile,* &c.] Lines added from thence to line 112.

This conſcious boſom beats at ev'ry ſound,
And pants exulting when thy art is crown'd. 110

Come, my Marcella, leave th' ungrateful ſhore;
Tho' Love may ceaſe, yet ſorrow ſhall be o'er;
No jealous thought ſhall lurk within my breaſt,
Care ſhall be huſh'd and Chryſoſtom at reſt;
Whoſe ardent prayers each tardy Sun ariſe 115
To plead thy welfare to the wearied ſkies;
By day I muſe, and range the lonely ſand,
Or from the rocks explore thy diſtant land,
Mark the curl'd waves till ſeas and clouds are join'd,
Or watch the courſes of the wav'ring wind; 120
Then from the beach, aloud in plaintive ſtrain,
To waft thee ſmooth addreſs the ſurly main;
Nor ſhip, nor friend, with welcome news I ſee,
Nor whitening ſails to glad with ſight of thee;
O! fly, and with the ſpeed of Love be borne, 125
Or Love ſhall droop and Chryſoſtom ſtill mourn.

EPISTLE II.

MARCELLA TO CHRYSOSTOM.

Hinc pudor, ex illâ parte trahebat amor. OVID.

AWAKE, my thoughts, and thou, propitious Night,
Befriend a lover, aid me while I write;
Once more be ſtill, my heart; O! Virtue come,
Support Marcella, ſave her Chryſoſtom;
Break Paſſion's force, and change th' enchanted Scene, 5
Adieu! to Love, adieu! the Cyprian Queen.

Twice thro' the ſigns has ſteer'd the radiant Sun,
Since firſt you ſigh'd and early vows begun;
Oh! hadſt thou never ſigh'd or pledg'd one vow!
Then Peace had ſmil'd, nor Grief ſat o'er thy brow; 10
Friendſhip had ſtill maintain'd the graver part,
Nor Love ſoft glided thro' th' unguarded Heart.
Say then, can Time or Abſence give thee reſt?
Heal the deep wound that rages in thy breaſt?
Can'ſt thou forget I e'er was lov'd by thee? 15
Or I forget thou once wert dear to me?

Ah! no; remembrance fans the ſleeping fire,
Nor Time, nor Abſence can reſtrain deſire!
Too long within has fed the treach'rous flame,
Too late we find to think and love's the ſame; 20
Elſe had my heart oppos'd the dear deceit,
And calm eſteem were now our ſober fate;
Elſe had I learn'd to check deluſive mirth,
And ſtifle young Affection in its birth;
Elſe had we known (why did we not?) that Love 25
Smiles, yet betrays; nor innocent, can move;
His fatal poiſon unperceiv'd convey,
And leave the mind to new-felt cares a prey.
Why then alone ſhould ſad Marcella ſtrive
To drown remembrance, and unlov'd to live? 30
Say is not Nature to each ſex the ſame?
Swear we not equal by Love's potent name?
Thou ſure may'ſt ceaſe to worſhip him with me,
For why ſhould Paſſion tyrannize o'er thee?
Yet thou doſt ſuffer; or th' inconſtant Wind 35
Blows not more fickle than thy heart's unkind;
So ſoft the plaints the fond Epiſtle bore,
I had been marble not t' have wept them o'er;
Deep ſunk each thought, ſo tender flow'd the ſtrain,
Thou did'ſt not write, nor I peruſe in vain, 40
But wherefore didſt thou write? Since I return
Plaints for thy plaints, and with no flame muſt burn.

Why didſt thou love? Or why did I admire?
Why glow'd thy boſom with lamented fire?
Since Prudence whiſpers it ſhall quickly end, 45
And Chryſoſtom once more be call'd——my
Friend.

Toſt in a maze my reſtleſs paſſions roll,
And words betray th' emotions of my ſoul;
Fain would I mem'ry loſe, but ſpent is art,
And all the Woman ruſhes on my heart: 50
Where ſtray my thoughts? or where my female
pride,
Thoſe roving thoughts from Chryſoſtom to hide?
Shall I diſſemble? no, theſe lines ſincere
Paint but too glaring, and explain too clear;
Why couldſt thou then with jealous fears up-
braid 55
A timid, wav'ring, weak, dejected maid?
Heav'n knows, each day, each liſtleſs hour I rave
To quit this Iſle, and dare th' Iernian wave;
To gaze upon thoſe eyes, and hear that tongue
Which oft would praiſe while careleſsly I ſung: 60
Ceaſe to accuſe, when with the winds I'd fly,
Thou feel'ſt not Abſence with more grief than I.
And yet to meet——and yet abandon love!
A conflict great, but wiſe, ye pow'rs above!
Deep is the wound for Nature's ſtrength to
bear, 65
But Fate is fix'd, Fate deaf to human pray'r.

Thrice happy ſhe, within whoſe ruſtic frame
Ne'er lurk'd the peſt, nor rag'd th' envenom'd flame,
Who lives to Love eſtrang'd, and ſimply free
Ne'er hears nor reads of Eloïſe or me! 70

What ſhall I write? Or where the verſe incline?
Enough: and Chryſoſtom ſhall ne'er be mine.
Dear tho' thou art, yet dearer is my fame;
And what is life, or love itſelf to Shame?
But ſhould kind Heav'n thy youthful years prolong, 75
Who ſhall deny me to be thine in ſong?
To reign unrivall'd in each future page,
And *act* the Lover on the *Muſes' Stage?*
Where haply touch'd, each ſympathetic heart
May own Marcella *play'd the prudent part.* 80

Awake, once-lov'd, my brother, and my friend!
(Heav'n ne'er the light of Hymen's torch ſhall ſend)
No ſofter title from Marcella's hand,
When "ceaſe to love" is Reaſon's wiſe command.
Rouſe all thy pride, forget, again be free; 85
'Tis but a ſiſter's love I ſend to thee;
Some happier miſtreſs Chryſoſtom will chooſe,
Or ſeek the charms of ev'ry wanton Muſe;

Oh! might the Muſe alone thy cares employ!
Ev'n that were comfort for deluded joy: 90
I tremble—but 'tis done—guſh, guſh my eyes,
And pay to Love a weeping Sacrifice;
Yes, I will mourn: my tears theſe lines bedew,
At once to Love and Chryſoſtom adieu!

94. *At once to Love*, &c.] It appears from hence, and line 1ſt. Ep. 4. that this was the laſt time Marcella intended to have written.

EPISTLE III.

CHRYSOSTOM TO MARCELLA.

Quicquid eris, mea ſemper eris——
——quamvis nolim, cogar amare tamen. OVID.

WHOM ſhall I ſeek? To whom my cares impart,
While ſtruggling paſſions rend a faithful heart?
Hark! thy ſad notes ſtill murmur on mine ear!
Shame, anger, pride, and love by turns appear;
What haſt thou madly writ? "Again be free?" 5
Yes, thou dear Woman, and "abandon thee"?
Never, while'er that ſweet attraction move
(Oh! call it Virtue, Friendſhip, call it Love)
This youthful breaſt, or light one ſpark within
To tell the mind affection is no ſin; 10
At leaſt no crime to cheriſh Friendſhip's fires,
Where ſober Reaſon rules the chaſte deſires;
Forbear, my thoughts, to graver cares to bend
While Virtue aſks, and is herſelf a friend;
Oh! may no act unworthy of my fame, 15
E'er blot from thee that dear, that ſacred name;

Sacred to both, ſince that auſpicious night
When firſt thy preſence bleſt my eager ſight;
When with kind looks and timid voice you cry'd
" Be what you wiſh, a friend to me"——and ſigh'd: 20
In that ſoft moment ev'ry pain retir'd,
I gaz'd and wonder'd, heard thee and admir'd;
Yet, while I thought no tender ſpring could move,
Nature alarm'd, ſoon whiſpered it was love.

Oft with mild accents o'er my pen you've hung, 25
While gen'rous thoughts flow'd modeſt from your tongue;
Straight to the heart I found each precept drove,
And but the ſame to liſten and improve;
" Happy the man who Fortune's frown can brave,
" Safe in the talents partial nature gave; 30
" Gave to increaſe, not indolently hide,
" And ſtill his own, tho' riches be denied;
" Fame leads to wealth, purſue Fame's various ways,
" Nor ſtrive, my Chryſoſtom, the laſt for praiſe."
Thus have you ſaid, while raviſh'd with the ſtrain, 35
I bleſs'd the lips that ſpoke, nor ſpoke in vain.

Oh! mem'ry ſweet of moments paſt, impreſt
Too ſtrong to leave thy Chryſoſtom at reſt;

Nor languiſh'd Love within the heart's abode,
Nor with faint fires my youthful boſom glow'd; 40
Sooner ſhall Phœbe ſhine without the Sun,
Or Sol himſelf forget his courſe to run,
Than ſuch a flame unfed ſhall waſte away,
Or ceaſe to burn more fierce for thy delay:
Fancy's amuſing pow'r, and dreams that riſe, 45
With that fair image preſent to my eyes,
Forbid Oblivion, crowd the penſive mind,
And ſeem to ſay, "is Chryſoſtom unkind?"
Ha! what was that?—unkind? no ſure, if e'er
One look of mine confeſs'd Marcella fair; 50
If her bright eyes with lightning pierc'd my thought
To try me if I lov'd her as I ought;
If e'er unſeen ſhe kiſs'd her Poet's lays,
Or ſilent bluſh'd and liſten'd to her praiſe;
Then let Suſpicion ſleep, and ſpeak me free 55
Of one falſe word or Injury to thee:
Yes, let the ſprightly muſic of that voice
Still liſp me thine, and ſanctify the choice;
Let Nature plead, to paſſion I reſign,
And life, and love, and liberty are thine. 60
What have I ſaid? Alas! thy worth they wrong,
And ceaſeleſs cry "beware the Siren's ſong;"
But where's the hand our union ſhall divide?
(How weak the voice of Reaſon to our pride!)
Where the dread force ſhall ſhake this artleſs fence, 65
Whoſe baſe is Truth, whoſe bulwark innocence?

In that ſecure no ſhocks its ſtrength affect;
Heav'n looks benign on ſuch and will protect.

Go, view the treaſures of Marcella's mind,
And own to Love ſuſpicion was unkind; 70
Bleſt in fair Virtue, and each winning grace,
That ſham'd to ſilence Envy's tongue may ceaſe;
Caution ſhall truſt and prudence ſelf approve,
Age force a ſmile, and youth be fill'd with love;
Should I forget a Mother's ſilver hairs? 75
The widow'd witneſs of thy filial cares?
O! let kind Virtue echo to the line,
If ever Roman Piety was thine!
Nor ſhalt thou tread unfriended o'er our Stage,
"The hapleſs Belmour of a ſhameleſs age." 80

And is there one, who, rebel to love's laws,
Spurns at his ſway, and wars againſt his cauſe?
Who, ne'er entangled in the bliſsful tie,
Can live unlov'd, and unregretted die?
Can ſee, unmov'd, life's dearest bond diſſolve, 85
And hear, nay urge th' ungenerous reſolve?
Careleſs to eaſe the pangs of recent grief,
To diſtant time refers th' unwiſh'd relief?
Blind to all merit but his own ſage choice? 89
Deaf to all ſounds but that of Int'reſt's voice?

81. *And is there one*, &c.] A Character of an enemy to the ſofter paſſion.

Diſowns the paſſions? ſlights Heav'n's grand decree?
Unknown to feelings (Yorick!) or to me?

Oh! change unlook'd-for! Can Marcella live
Loſt to each Joy that guiltleſs Love can give?
At once thou'rt fix'd, and I at once muſt ſee 95
Hope, pity, paſſion periſh'd all in thee!
So ſoon to barter love for friendſhip's fame!—
And is all pleaſure vaniſh'd as a dream?
Sure o'er the verſe ſome baneful Spirit hung,
When laſt to Chryſoſtom in ſighs you ſung. 100
"Forget thy love with my neglected name;"
No, Nature ſtarts, and Conſcience whiſpers ſhame!
No bleſſing Life; repell'd where'er I turn,
I muſt not ſtill adore,—yet ſtill muſt burn!
Paſſion no more, (you cry) reſiſtleſs ſways, 105
And calmer friendſhip ſhall conſole our days;
Too cold a ſpring the ſource of Joy to prove!
Ah! what is Friendſhip when compar'd to love!
'Tis but a frigid comfort to mankind,
Too purely virtuous for a Lover's mind. 110
Yet, O! my Soul, ſhould one unbidden ſigh
Steal from my breaſt, to rouſe me ere I die;
Should this ſick heart, from all it wiſh'd-for torn,
Pant unreſtrain'd, and for Marcella mourn;

'Tears would gush down, while each Affection
mov'd 115
Again would tell that Chrysostom had lov'd;
'Till Reason bid two hostile titles blend,
And taught to lose the Lover in the Friend.

EPISTLE IV.

MARCELLA TO CHRYSOSTOM.

——nocuêrunt carmina certè:
Invidiæ noſtris illa fuêre bonis. OVID.

STILL muſt my *Friend*'s abjur'd Epiſtles move?
And tho' reſolv'd, awake me into love?
Is't not enough thy griefs with mine to mourn?
Or am I yet to love, and be forſworn?
Why, reſtleſs youth, muſt weeping numbers ſhew 5
Each diſmal thought, and ſpeak Marcella's woe?
Think'ſt thou ſo ſoon its veſtiges are gone?
And when perceiv'dſt thou that my heart was ſtone?
Still, ſtill, to feel! unfortunate! ſevere!
Yet muſt we ſuffer, tho' too weak to bear: 10
Why would'ſt thou write? Ah! 'twas a Lover's theft,
To ſteal my quiet when of thee bereft!
Grief, ſay to Virtue I have greatly ſtrove,
Forgive th' effuſions of expiring Love.

Did I, unthinking Chryſoſtom, adviſe 15
Hope's fair-deceiving comfort to deſpiſe?
Thou know'ſt I did; thou know'ſt our future fate,
No breath reviving ſhall new fires create;
Ceaſe then of dying paſſion to complain,
When ev'ry wiſh, and Thought itſelf is vain; 20
May Heav'n from Love a Woman's heart defend,
Who trembles but to call thee ev'n her Friend.
Affections, hence; no longer plead for man;
Subſide, and ſleep forgotten, if ye can;
Can did I ſay? ha! Nature then is frail; 25
And mem'ry lives 'till Nature's ſelf ſhall fail!
Prove me what mortal can Affections truſt,
'Till all that's mortal ſeeks its kindred duſt;
'Till cares, and love, and life exchange for death:
And all the Man hangs quiv'ring in a breath: 30
The Tomb ſhall witneſs that Love's flame *has been*,
When the cold hand of Death has clos'd the Scene.

Sleep'ſt thou indeed, to ev'ry wiſh eſtrang'd?
The roaring tempeſt to ſoft breezes chang'd?
'Tis ſo; thou muſt; and once my ſtruggles o'er, 35
Thine ſhall be huſh'd, and thou muſt love no more;

Drink of dull Lethe's fountain, and forget,
And peace ſhall crown, and we be happy yet;
Lull'd reſtleſs Paſſions that in youth rebell'd,
And ſorrow's thick'ning vapours be diſpell'd. 40

Young tho' thou art, the ſnare the Muſes laid,
And Clio to my heart a friend betray'd;
While each ſucceeding day the laſt improv'd,
We wrote, admir'd, and then, alas!—we lov'd!
Adieu! to ſuch, and be each future hour— 45
Free but to worſhip Friendſhip's milder pow'r:
Friendſhip! firſt form'd the human breaſt to glad,
To raiſe depreſſion, and to ſoothe the ſad,
To ſtamp intrinſic value where we can,
And ſave the reliques of cenſorious Man. 50
To pour the balm of comfort be my taſk:
That I may give, for that the world would aſk;
Teach thee with me to bow to tyrant Fate,
And live unmov'd, and ſuffer calmly great:
If haply, then, Marcella's artleſs rhyme 55
Awhile eſcape the waſting hand of Time,
Her ſex may judge her with a lenient doom,
Nay, plead the cauſe of her and Chryſoſtom;
While partial man with wonder ſhall deplore
That thoſe, who once had lov'd, ſhould love no more! 60
Hear then, thou beſt of Friends, the firm decree,
Hear, 'tis the laſt Marcella ſends to thee;
While this weak frame ſupports the load of life,
In want or riches, ſingle or a wife, 65

Shall my pure friendſhip burn from year to year,
A flame more gentle, and a light more clear;
'Till Nature ſunk, well-pleas'd we view the paſt,
And ev'n in ſocial ſighs expire our laſt. 70
So, when in future days, kind trav'llers led
Thro' lonely tombs, ſhall hang the penſive head,
And read, " Beneath repoſe a long-loſt pair,
" That liv'd (tho' Love had early fled) ſincere;
" Unchang'd by fortune, that each guiltleſs
" breaſt, 75
" In Sex tho' diff'ring, was in Friendſhip bleſt;"
Touch'd ſhall they own, (admiring as they read)
" Here Paſſion bow'd and Reaſon rul'd indeed!"

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F I N I S.